



LITERARY

Senorita

"WANTED—A young lady of good character to serve punch at Summer Dances given by a group of High School students at Oak Park. References required. Apply at 136 W. Magnolia St., Mrs Sterret, patroness."

She read it again for the twentieth time. Jumping up, she cried, "I'll do it!" and darted from the room.

"How do you do? Is this Mrs. Sterret?" She felt weak and had some misgivings as she beheld the large pompous lady who held the door open for her.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Sterret; anything I can do for you?"

"I am Dorothy Donnell, and I have come to answer this ad." With this, Dorothy held up last night's "Stockton Record," opened to the "Want Ad" section.

"Well, Miss Donnell, you had better come in and we can talk it over," Dorothy heard Mrs. Sterret reply in a patronizing voice.

"Mrs. Sterret, I will take the position if I can keep my identity unknown. I am a High School student and my life would be made miserable if I were known. To avoid this, I can dress to suit the dance. I can be a Spanish girl, a Japanese, a Flower girl and a great many more disguises," Dorothy began without hesitation.

"Your references are more than I could wish and if you desire it you may have the position during the summer months," and Mrs. Sterret gave her the necessary papers to sign.

The boys and girls had begun to arrive and Dorothy was in her place, ready. Dorothy Donnell had chosen the Spanish Senorita as her model for the first dance of the series. This costume seemed to fit her style of duty better than any other. All that was evident and could be used to identify her, was her beautiful golden brown hair massed high on her head.

The first dance had begun. Dorothy kept time with the music. She saw a couple coming after a glass of punch, whom she recognized as Adriane Demarest and Eleanor Goodrich. Eleanor seemed quite curious to discover the identity of the Spanish Senorita, but Adriane

was in a hurry to leave.

"Mrs. Sterret, you have said you would do anything for me," Adriane began in his most pleading tone.

"And so I will. You know you are my favorite," beamed Mrs. Sterret, "what is your wish?"

"My dear *Senorita*, allow me to present you to my favorite," Mr. Adriane Demarest," and with that Mrs. Sterret left them.

"May I have just one dance?" he pleaded.

"Of course not; Mrs. Sterret wishes me to serve punch," Dorothy laughed.

"What's the use of being a favorite if no good comes of it? What dance can I have if I fix it up with the lady?"

"Somewhere near the middle to relieve the monotony," while she served someone else.

Toward the middle of the evening Adriane came running toward her. "She will relieve you during two dances if you wish."

"All right, this one and the last, I guess."

At the next dance Adriane was not quite so lucky. Mrs. Sterret allowed her three dances, but as Flower Girl she had more admirers than as a Spanish maid; at least she favored more.

Adriane finally got the last dance and asked to take her home. She refused, saying that he would find her out if she allowed him to, and at the end of the dance slipped away before he could look around.

On September 3rd, 1914, the R. O. R., as they were wont to call themselves gave the last dance of the season. It was their most elaborate affair and a masquerade. The girl at the punch bowl was there as Martha Washington.

Everyone was enjoying himself except Adriane. As he saw the "*Senorita*," as he still called her, dance and flirt with Harold Goodrich and Maurice Sterret, a nephew of Mrs. Sterret, he wondered what enjoyment was left in life.

But as he got a glass of punch she stopped talking with Harold Goodrich long enough to say:

"You can have the last one, Adriane, as usual, if you wish."

"Of course, I wish," he answered quickly, "is that all?" But Dorothy was laughing at some joke of Harold's and had forgotten Adriane.

Dorothy made up for all the neglect when the last dance came and Adriane was consoled. He begged to find out who she was so he might continue their friendship, but she was determined he should not.

"Do you know Nella Walker, a Senior at high school? She will deliver any message that you have to send. I will answer them. One thing more so that you may identify me, if you try. My eyes are the same shade as my hair," and Dorothy Donnell slipped out of Adriane Demarest's sight, but not his mind.

School had commenced. Adrian looked for Nella Walker, and finally found her sitting by the window in the study, talking to a small crowd of girls. Adriane closely surveyed each one, but none looked like the "*Senorita*." Nella came nearest to it, but her hair was too dark to match the golden brown of the girl at the punch bowl. Her eyes were darker, but Adriane had never seen Dorothy's eyes so could not tell. He had, however, seen her golden brown hair massed high upon her head. He beckoned Nella aside and begged her to tell him Dorothy's name. She refused, but said she would take a note to the "*Senorita*." She was in the study the third period in the morning, also the first in the afternoon, and so was Adriane.

Adriane became interested in Nella Walker, partly to hear of

Dorothy and partly for her own personality. Adriane wrote a note to Nella and threw it across a couple of aisles. Nella picked it up, put it in her pocket, and was studying diligently when the ever-watchful study teacher, Mr. Toms, appeared, but seeing every one studying he went back to his desk. Nella opened the note and read:

"* * * Have tickets to the Yosemite tonight. Will you go? Will call at 8:15 if you will. * * *"

Nella wrote: "Will be glad to go. 8:15 suits me. Thanks."

She folded it up and suddenly decided she needed some ink, left the note on his desk on her way after the ink.

At the theatre Alexander answered Adriane's question. Adriane asked if he would ever see his "Senorita" under ordinary circumstances and without a mask. Alexander told him he would, thus putting new life in him, but suddenly spoiled it all by telling him to beware of a light-haired friend who was also receiving notes from the "Senorita."

Adriane was so gloomy that Nella declared she wished she had accepted Harold Goodrich's invitation instead, and refused to come with him again unless he livened up a little, which he did but in anger.

"Yes, you, too, turn me down for Harold Goodrich. The "Senorita" has a light-haired friend. Harold Goodrich and I part company right here," and on he raved.

Next morning Adriane wrote a long letter to the "Senorita."

Dear "Senorita:"

Alexander told me I would find out who you are. Will it be soon? Tell me, do not keep me in suspense longer. The first part of his answer made me happy, but he also told me you were writing notes to Harold Goodrich. Is that so, and why didn't you tell me? Yours,

Adriane.

Dorothy studied long over the answer that would show Adriane that she could write to Harold and still remain a friend of Adriane. Finally, she decided to lay the case before him and let him use his own judgment.

Dear Adriane:

As Alexander usually is right, I guess you will soon learn my identity. As to the other matter, you did not ask me before if I was writing to Harold or I should have told you. These notes stand for our conversation; would you have said anything if I talked to Harold? Think about it.

As ever,

"Senorita."

Adriane did think about it until he saw that she was right, but that did not keep him from having unpleasant thoughts of Harold.

Adriane had given up the idea of taking the "Senorita" anywhere so enjoyed life with Nella as his partner. Twice a week they enjoyed the Lyric photoplays, and on nights when they had no studying to do, Adriane spent them with Nella singing the old high school songs.

Nella and Adriane were both planning to graduate in June and examinations were taking most of their time. All Adriane had, to remind him of events that had happened last summer, was a box of letters tied with a blue ribbon. Adriane was seeing more and more of Nella and finally came to the conclusion that he loved her. Before he said anything to her about it, he decided to see whether he had forgotten the "Senorita" or had just been carried away with other things. So he wrote, asking her once more to reveal her identity. He was to go away when he had graduated and wanted to see her once at least. She consented to go to the dance given by Eleanor Goodrich in honor of the graduates

It was to be a masquerade and was to be in the high school gym. She decided to come as a Spanish Senorita again.

When Adriane say his "Senorita" again, he realized that he had not forgotten her but was infatuated with Nella. When the time for unmasking came the "Senorita" and Adriane slipped out. She refused to unmask and show him who she was, though she told him she was Dorothy Donnell.

"You will always be 'Senorita' to me," Adriane mused.

As they were speeding along in his car towards Dorothy's home, he became desperate, and leaning over, he whispered,

"Dorothy, 'Senorita,' I love you! I must see your face," and took off the mask.

He gave a cry of gladness, for the "Senorita," the girl he loved, was Nella Walker, the girl he thought he loved. With Adriane's kiss on her lips, Dorothy Donnell and Nella Walker became one, and the mystery of "Senorita" was solved.

—Elizabeth Duffy, '16.

"The Dream of Exodus"

Four years I lay a-dreaming,
Upon your welcome shores,
My dreams were calm and pleasing,
With the freedom of out-doors.

II

Your colors o'er me streaming,
Led to the favored realm,
Where the King and Queen of knowledge,
Give humble hands the helm.

III

I dreamt you were the sunshine,
While I, the earth below,
And often your bright sunbeams,
Set many a hope aglow.

IV

But now the gates of dreamland
Are closed for evermore,
And ambition's gleam doth lure me
To wander from thy door.

V

Now must I cease my dreaming,
And rise with flag unfurled.
Wave bold on high, cry "Do or Die,"
And grapple with the world.

(P. G. A., '17)

The Lurking Phantom

Marcenthaw decided that if he remained much longer in his present position he would never be able to move again. No sound of his pursuers reached his ears, so he set out along the creek bottom as silently as a hunted animal.

He had gone a hundred yards, perhaps, when, after ducking beneath a low hanging bush, a strange sight met his gaze.

Bending over a pool in the creek, one arm resting upon a protuding rock to support her, the other extending a bucket beneath the water, was the phantom which he had chased the night before. What a picture she made!

The skirt of her faded red calico dress was playfully puffed up by the fitful gusts of wind which brushed it against the green ferns and dark tree roots. Her skin was coppered by the summer sun and autumn winds. Her black hair fell brokenly about her in crimply wavelets, the sun casting little golden arrows in circles about it. Marcenthaw thought of a deer he had once seen drinking at a lake.

Having filled her bucket, she turned and faced him; then for the first time he saw her eyes. Marcenthaw felt a numbness come over him and his face was the face of a man who has seen a ghost. It was not because she had screamed and run from him as if he had been a wild beast, it was the picture of her eyes. They were pathetic eyes, cool, calm eyes at times, he was sure, but now they were eyes like burning craters whose flames leapt upward. Even with the brief glimpse of those eyes he had, he could never forget.

His thoughts were cut short by the nasty spat of a bullet close by and in an instant he had lost himself again in the dense brush.

H. M., '18.

* * * *

Sonnet To Spring

Welcome are you with your beauty rare,
Hope of the future fair and free you bring,
With every joy of promised youth and Spring.
When all have tired of Winter bleak and bare.
The birds awake from out their slumber fair,
While rains descend and gentle dampness bring,
And everywhere is warm sunlight shining.
Soft breezes whisper through the fragrant air.
We watch the fairy season gently spread,
And see the world all decked in tender green—
The loveliest hue of early radiant Spring.
We see the flowers lift their graceful heads,
How glad an cheery everything doth seem,
When Heaven and Nature a joyous anthem sing!

A. J., '17.

Beauty Versus Freckles

Marie thought, as she pinned up the last stray lock of curly black hair and gave the new pink dress a few little finishing touches, that she was the most beautiful girl in the county and her heart fluttered as she realized that even now Robert was waiting in the parlor below to introduce Jack McCray, a popular and wealthy young fellow home for vacation from college.

There were three sisters in the family—Grace, who had married several years before; Marie, the family beauty, and Georgia, the ugly duckling. Georgia knew that she was considered the failure of the family as far as looks went, but it mattered little to her, for she would rather have a speckled nose than to pay the price of beauty with beauty sleeps and various lotions.

So as Marie entered the parlor she smiled her most charming smile, the one she had practiced for her own and the mirror's benefit so often of late, and said to herself, "My, isn't he handsome!"

But as her eyes rested on her sixteen-year-old sister sitting Turkish fashion, delightfully at ease on the floor, amusing both Robert and Jack by her witty speeches, she ordered her with a most coquettish frown and an affected shake of her fingers, "to get up off the floor and go out to help mother with the dishes."

As Jack left that night, he asked if he might call again, and Marie, smiling assent, said, "As often as you like."

So through the summer months he was a frequent visitor at her home, more frequent than she knew, for often when she "slept" he and Georgia rowed, played tennis, or took long hikes over country.

And one day, after one of these "hikes," Georgia came home, her freckled little face flushed crimson, her already somewhat snub nose tilted more than usual, and a college "frat" pin carelessly pinned on her dress. Marie, however, did not see or know any of this, and unconsciously thought it was she, alone, who was the object of Jack's visits.

The night before he was to return to college, he asked Marie and Georgia to go to the theater with Robert and him. On the way they passed a beggar whom Marie refused to give a dime, but Georgia gallantly dropped her gold pin she had won for tennis. Jack hung behind a minute to buy back the pin, and afterwards lovingly put it in his vest pocket. Not until then were Marie's eyes opened.

So as he bade them good night he held Georgia's hand for a moment and said, "You must promise to write to me every week and don't you dare to forget."

As the two girls climbed into their one bed that night Marie turned her face to the wall without the customary good night kiss, but Georgia, stifling a sigh of happiness, "saw things" in the dark.

FLORA McDIARMID, '18.

The Message

Oh, Lord, when I look back and see again
The ruined city by the Golden Gate
And recall how men were filled with hate
Towards Thee for filling hearts with pain;
And then I gaze where formerly had lain
A bleeding town, and see, ordained by Fate,
The "Jewel City," lying all in state,
Beside the bay upon a gentle plain;
'Tis then a consciousness across me steals,
Which fills my soul with gratitude and bliss,
Impelling me to raise a prayer to Thee,
For Thou to whom each Christian daily kneels,
Hath charity when all appears amiss,
And granteth us renewed serenity.

I. N., '17.

* * * *

Sixteen's Tribute

I

THE FACULTY—

That learned, lovable, God-fearing band.
The good they have wrought we'll ne'er understand
Find we another so noble, so grand?
Maybe we will; but we doubt it.

II

The School—

That fountain of knowledge, goodness and mirth,
Oh, to be sensible of its true worth!
Find we its equal on God's green earth?
Maybe we will; but we doubt it.

III

The Students—

That body of friendship, that staunch, loyal crew,
Would that the world looked on them as we do!
Find we another so firm and so true?
Maybe we will; but we doubt it.

x. y. z. (P. G. A.)

* * * *

“The Little Pink Lady”

“Oh, pardon me!”

“No, it was all my fault,” sputtered “Huskey” Craig, the “Star’s” best reporter, as he tried to regain his footing after running straight into a regular little fairy queen. She was dressed in the neatest pink dress, and her cheeks were the finest match you could imagine. He had just been placed on the year’s most sensational case, and was hurrying through one of the big parks trying to think of some possible clue when the collision occurred. The case was about an automobile accident in which an old lady had been run over and killed while the driver had gotten away before anyone could find out the number or any definite evidence; now Craig was on the trail to see what his reporter’s talent could pick up.

Before he could get his balance she had disappeared down a side path and was out of sight. He must see her again; he couldn’t go on with his work with that faint glimpse of such a wonderful little creature. His search through the park was fruitless, however. Finally he had to stop to get his breath, staring at the only clue she had left—a little silk handkerchief, with the initials M. S. in the corner, which she had dropped in her excitement. But this would never do; he would never solve his case standing there gazing at a handkerchief. He hurried on to Woodhill Avenue bridge where he heard the woman had been killed.

“Gosh, but it was done in a jiffy. Why, Fat, if yer could only have seen the way it was. There was that old woman chasin’ right across the street and wouldn’t get out of the way for nothin’; then smash, right into her went the machine and finished her; just that quick?”

Was it a clue? Huskey listened. He had just overhead what a ragged newsboy was telling his pal. He stopped as if to light his cigar and caught enough to convince him.

“An’ the way the car made its getaway was great, but I know who she was fer I sell her a paper every mornin’.”

“Say, you, give me a paper,” called Craig; then pulled the youngster to the office scared half to death.

“Central, South 5436 please. Yes, yes, 5436.”

“Hello, Tom? Great. Say, chief, come over right away; I’ve got the whole thing for you. Yes, hurry up about it, too. What? Oh, yes, this is “Huskey” Craig. I just got the dope on that auto case. Come right over and you’ve got it cinched.”

Craig had found out from the boy the address and the whole story. Now he would have the detective chief cinch the whole matter.

“Yes she’s in 869. And mind you that you don’t forget she’s a murderess.” The editor dispatched Craig the next morning to interview Miss Southwell, the young lady who had run over the old woman. No one would ever believe that she was able to do it she was so beautiful—at least that was what they told Craig.

“Aw, she won’t run over me like she did that poor helpless old woman; I’ll pull the whole story out of her.”

He hurried to the jail and was shown 869. “Now,” he chuckled up his sleeve, “I’ll show her a few things.” He pushed open the door, but stopped like a shot when he saw who was inside. There,

huddled up in the corner of the cell, was his little Pink Lady, her cheeks all stained with tears. "My God! You?" With that he was out of jail and calling a taxi.

"Out to Woodhill Avenue bridge, hustle!" It was no time until they out to the bridge and had found the little newsy who had furnished the evidence the day before. He didn't even take time this trip to buy a paper to get on the good side of the boy but shoved him into the taxi and rushed back to the office.

"Hello, Lockwood—this Attorney Lockwood?"

"Yes," altogether too slow for Craig.

"This is Walter Craig of the "Star." You are on the defense for the young lady they have up for that auto trouble? Great, I have some of the best evidence you ever heard of. Can I see you in about— or right away if I come up?"

"Yes, certainly," quick enough this time to satisfy Craig's excitement.

Two weeks later the tiresome trial was over. The jury had been out for three hours already. The door opened and the foreman of the jury took his place. "We, the jury, find Miss Marion Southwell not guilty."

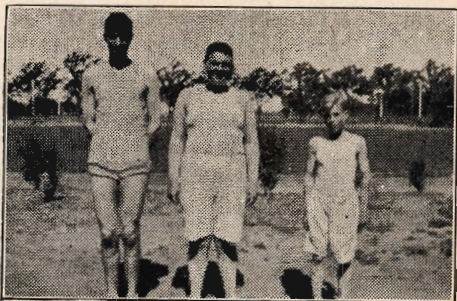
Of course Craig had to have several "interviews" with Miss Southwell, and the next time that her name appeared in the "Star" Craig's name was in one corner as Assistant Editor, while her name appeared in a little notice which proved to be the last time it was ever printed as Miss Marion Southwell.

MITCHELL, '17.





EDUCATIONAL



Department of Physical Education for Boys

To create an enthusiastic interest in the thing at hand, has been one of the aims of the department—in addition to carefully supervising and guiding the body up-building. If we can produce the habit of interest in our students our failures in life will be greatly diminished.

A feature of the work this year has been the swimming. Forty-eight boys could not swim in September and by Christmas all except four could cross the tank, a distance of twenty feet. We trust those four will make it before June 23, 1916. All boys in the Freshman and Sophomore years will be equipped with life-saving ability and be able to resuscitate one who has been drowned. Thus we feel that the pool has amply justified the expenditure necessary to build it.

The department needs more equipment to enable bigger and better accomplishments, and we trust the near future will see installed: two tennis courts, a handball court, a basket ball court, and perfected track equipment. With these for next year a greater effort can be made to give every boy an athletic hobby.

The trend in physical education is to incorporate more and more into the schedule, athletic games, and activities with emotional content. We have to a slight degree followed this trend.

Next year we will inaugurate a much needed branch of the work, a course in personal hygiene and first aid. This will consist of one lecture each week added to the two periods in the gym.

The big problem in our athletic world is to so arrange it that every one is given an opportunity to enjoy good wholesome activity. The winning varsity basket ball team is an excellent thing, but a system that develops just that one team and allows and fosters no other is doing a grave injustice to the rest of the student body wholesale competition is what we want—with our varsities as example and helpers to our less experienced participators. For a starter a union athletic emblem and society would be splendid, making winning weight team men and second variety men eligible—this society to be fostered and guided by the Big S.

Advertising Class Does Practical Work

The success of the Sixth Annual Senior Play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was partly due to the creditable manner in which it was advertised by the Advertising and Salesmanship class.

This class, the first of its kind at the Stockton High School, was organized last fall under the capable direction of Mr. Lloyd D. Barzee.

The majority of the class have never had any practical experience in this work before and took a great interest in planning out the campaign for the play.

They designed and blocked out 100 large posters and 250 artistic

window cards which they distributed in appropriate positions about the city. The cut of Shakespeare, which appeared on the window cards, is an original drawing by Harold Gumpert, a member of the class.

In addition to the posters the class wrote several feature stories about the play which appeared in the daily papers. The material for these stories was gathered entirely by the students themselves, who then wrote the articles.

Considering that the work is the first of its kind to be attempted by the class, it must be said that the Senior Play was exceedingly well advertised.

* * * *

High School Lyceum Course

The third year of the Stockton High School Lyceum Course was the best yet given. The program, which was unusually entertaining and instructive, consisted of the following seven numbers.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—The Apollo Concert Company. These five versatile entertainers gave an excellent concert with their varying combinations of piano, saxophone, trombone, violin, banjo clarinet, flute and oboe, which numbers were interspersed with vocal selections and interpretations.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Albert E Wiggan, the "apostle of Efficiency," gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on "Eugenics or the Science of Being Well Born."

Friday, Dec. 17.—Oxford Musical Company. This mixed quartet of professional vocalists gave one of the most pleasing concerts of the season. Their closing number was an adaptation of the "Mikado," presented in costume in a most creditable manner.

Monday, Jan. 31.—Judge George Balden, the well known jurist of Massachusetts, delighted a large audience with a most witty discussion of "The Needs of the Hour." The lecture was considered one of the best ever given in Stockton.

Tuesday, Feb. 15.—Frederick Wards, the distinguished Shakespearean actor and lecturer, gave a recital of "Macbeth" in his inimitable style. The gallery was packed with High School students who were greatly pleased with the reading.

Monday, March 20.—Sidney Landon proved himself to be a most unique entertainer. In his "Types of Literary Men," he presented a living and realistic representation of many of the great names in literature. His impersonations were made very effective with the use of wigs, paints and his clever change of expression and voice.

Friday, April 14.—John Kendrick Bangs, the famous American author and editor, closed the course with a most delightful lecture upon "Salubritios I Have Met," what proved to be a very witty running commentary on some of the noted men and events of his wide experience.

Prospective Course 1916-17

The course contemplated for next year will be the strongest yet given and includes the following: Myrna Sharlow, the prima donna who has filled the immortal Melba's place several times; Senator Thos. P. Gore, the Oklahoma statesman; Shildkerts famous Hungarian orchestra; Dr. Charles E. Barker, president's Taft's health adviser, who will speak upon "How to Live to be a Hundred"; Thomas Brooks Fletcher, the noted Ohio editor, who will lecture upon "The Tragedy of the Unprepared"; Adrian Nevins, the brilliant interpreter and reader; and last by unanimous request, John Kendrick Bangs, who will fill a return engagement.

Stockton High School Agricultural Club



(1) Live Stock Class; (2) In the Garden;
(3) Poultry Class

different states. Many ideas and suggestions bearing on farm life are received and withal a deeper appreciation of the value and benefits of farm life to the individual and to the nation. Moreover, specialized farming is clearly portrayed thus bringing the student into closer touch with the particular branch of farming in which he is most interested. At the same time, the student is made to see that success in this field as well as in any other is attained only through hard work. The practical side, the "hard work" side of farming, is not in any way covered up, but the student is enabled to see through the drudgery the full realization of his highest ideal.

New Prevocational School

Those who saw the Senior Play and who say the excellent programs printed by the Print Shop boys of the new Prevocational School, realize fully that this institution is no longer an experiment, but has proven to be a decided success. It is all the more worthy of comment when we stop to realize that the boys of this school are only of the sixth and seventh grades. Stockton High will be glad to make the acquaintance of these boys when they enter high school next September.

Mr. Jensen, director of the Industrial Arts Department, states also that all these boys when they entered the Prevo last September were of unanimous mind, in that they did not intend to attend high school.

By virtue of the real need for book learning, demonstrated by the half time in the shop, many of them have come to realize that attending school is worth while. Some of them have decided to enter Stockton High as soon as they graduate.

Printing is not the only shop included. Some of the boys in carpentry have also been doing excellent work of a practical nature and the machine shop class organized in February has been giving a good account of itself. For instance the two inch die, necessary for the punching of the Senior programs, all ready referred to, was made in the shop. This job, if taken to a tool maker, would probably have cost eight or ten dollars; whereas the material for making it costs a great deal less.

We understand that the Prevo print shop is asking for an additional press and trust that it is more than a rumor. To be perfectly frank we are hoping that if this press is added it will mean that the Guard and Tackle can be printed by these boys unless of course we should be so fortunate as to have the addition of a printing plant here in the Industrial Arts Department in the High School.

